



The Wedded Wife, or Pound of Tow.

COME all you jolly batchelors,
That fain would marry'd be,
I would have you be advis'd,
And tak a word from me;
A single life is free from strife
From sorrow, care, and woe,
Besides your wife will plague your life,
With a weary pound of tow.

When you have a mind to marry,
When that you go to wed,
I would have you be advis'd,
See what your lass can do;
If she can hackle, card, and thrash,
And milk both cow and ewe,
And rock the cradle with her foot,
And spin a pound of tow.

Before my wife was marry'd,
She was a thrifty dame,
She'd do all kind of country work,
Make butter, cheese, and cream;
She'd weed potatoes, flax and corn,
And could both reap and mow,
And every night when she came home,
She'd spin a pound of tow.

But now since we are marry'd,
She is still more thrifty grown,
For she has learn'd to scold and brawl,
All in a hellish tone;
When in my ear she rings a peal,
I out of doors must go,
Cursing the day I brought her home,
To spin a pound of tow.

I brought her home a stow of flax,
As good as ever grew,
And out of that she hackl'd me
One single pound of tow;
So weary of the pound of tow,
I wish she'd ne'er begun,
I'm afraid my wife will end her life,
Before the tow is spun.

To imitate the Quality,
She will in fashion be.
She must have every pretty thing,
That e'er her eyes do see;
Her idle pride for to support,
My cloaths in pawn must go,
Whilst thro' the streets she spins her gain,
Instead of spinning tow.

Instead of hasty pudding,
She must have the finest tea,
With pigeons, duck, and partridge,
On her table every day;
And if her wants are not supply'd,
To rack my pate must go,
With pisspot, reel, or ladle,
Or the wheel that spins her tow.

But if all such wasting wives
Were in a boat together,
The boat for to be bottomless,
Without a sail or rudder;
And fifty leagues from any land,
We'd leave them there to row,
In hopes they'd never more return,
To spin a pound of tow.

As for those city damsels,
They are so nice and fine,
For drinking tea and brandy
Is all the work they mind;
For they will patch and paint themselves,
And slyly take one mow,
Which is the work they'd sooner do,
Than spin a pound of tow.

